

# BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON  
AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD,"  
"WHITE Fang," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

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## SYNOPSIS.

Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 30th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Tivoli. The dance leads to heavy gambling, in which over \$100,000 is staked. Harnish loses his money and his mine but wins the main contract. He starts on his mail trip with dogs and sledges, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strike at the start. Burning Daylight makes a sensational rapid run across country with the mail, appears at the Tivoli and is ready to join his friends in a dash to the new gold fields. Deciding that gold will be found in the up-river district Harnish buys two tons of flour, which he declares will be worth its weight in gold, but when he arrives with his flour he finds the big flat desolate. A comrade discovers gold and Daylight becomes a rich baronet. He goes to Dawson, becomes the most prominent figure in the Klondike and defeats a combination of capitalists in a vast mining deal. He returns to civilization, and amid the bewildering complications of high finance, Daylight finds that he has been led to invest his eleven millions in a manipulated scheme. He goes to New York, and confronting his disloyal partners with a revolver, he threatens to kill them if his money is not returned. They are cowed, return their scalings and Harnish goes back to San Francisco where he meets his fate in Dede Mason, a pretty stenographer. He makes large investments and gets into the political ring. For a rest he goes to the country. Daylight gets deeper into high finance in San Francisco, but often the longing for the simple life nearly overcomes him. Dede Mason buys a horse and Daylight meets her in her saddle trips. One day he asks Dede to go to the office on one more ride, his purpose being to ask her to marry him.

## CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

He hung almost gleefully upon her actions in anticipation of what the fractious Bob was going to get. And Bob got it, on his next whirl, or attempt, rather, for he was no more than half-way around when the quilt met him smack on his tender nose. There and then, in his bewilderment, surprise and pain, his fore feet, just skimming the road, dropped down.

"Great!" Daylight applauded. "A couple more will fix him." "He's too smart not to know when he's beaten."

Again Bob tried. But this time he was barely quarter around when the doubled quilt on his nose compelled him to drop his fore feet to the road. Then, with neither rein nor spur, but by the mere threat of the quilt, she straightened him out.

Dede looked triumphantly at Daylight.

"Let me give him a run?" she asked. Daylight nodded, and she shot down the road. He watched her out of sight around the bend, and watched till she came into sight returning. She certainly could sit her horse, was his thought, and she was a sure enough hummer. God, she was the wife for a man! Made most of them look pretty slim. And to think of her hammering all week at a typewriter. That was no place for her. She should be a man's wife, taking it easy, with silks and satins and diamonds (his frontier notion of what befitted a wife beloved), and dogs and horses, and such things.

But the quarry was doomed to pass out of his plans for a time, for on the following Sunday he rode alone. No Dede on a chestnut sorrel came across the back-road from Berkeley that day, nor the day a week later. As the third week drew to a close and another desolate Sunday confronted him, Daylight resolved to speak, office or no office. And as was his nature, he went simply and directly to the point. She had finished her work with him, and was gathering her note pad and pencils together to depart, when he said:

"Oh, one more thing, Miss Mason, and I hope you won't mind my being frank and straight out. You've struck me right along as a sensible-minded girl, and I don't think you'll take offense at what I'm going to say. You know how long you've been in the office—it's years, now, several of them, anyway; and you know I've always been straight and aboveboard with you. I've never what you call—presumed. Because you were in my office I've tried to be more careful than if—if you wasn't in my office—you understand. But just the same, it don't make me any the less human. I'm a lonely sort of a fellow—don't take that as a bid for kindness. What I mean by it is to try and tell you just how much those two rides with you have meant. And now I hope you won't mind my asking why you haven't been out riding the last two Sundays?"

She played nervously with a pencil for a time, as if debating her reply, while he waited patiently.

"This riding," she began; "it's not what they call the right thing. I leave it to you. You know the world. That's the trouble. It's about the world would have to say about me and my employer meeting regularly and riding in the hills on Sundays. It's funny, but it's so. I could ride with one of the clerks without remark, but with you—"

"Look here, Miss Mason," said Daylight. "I know you don't like this talking over of things in the office. Neither do I. It's part of the whole thing. I guess a man shouldn't suppose to talk anything but business with his stenographer. Will you ride with me

next Sunday, and we can talk it over thoroughly then and reach some sort of a conclusion. Out in the hills is the place where you can talk something besides business. I guess you've seen enough of me to know I'm pretty square. I—I do honor and respect you, and . . . and all that, and I . . ."

He was beginning to flounder, and the hand that rested on the desk blotter was visibly trembling. He strove to pull himself together. "I just want to harder than anything ever in my life before. I—I can't explain myself, but I do, that's all. Will you—just next Sunday? Tomorrow?"

Nor did he dream that her low acquiescence was due, as much as anything else, to the beads of sweat on his forehead, his trembling hand and his all too-evident general distress.

"Of course, there's no way of telling what anybody wants from what they say," Daylight rubbed Bob's rebellious ear with his quilt and pondered with dissatisfaction the words he had just uttered. They did not say what he had meant them to say. "What I'm driving at is that you say flatfooted that you won't meet me again, and give your reasons, but how am I to know they are your real reasons? Maybe you just don't want to get acquainted with me, and won't say so for fear of hurting my feelings. Don't you see? I'm the last man in the world to shove in where I'm not wanted. And if I thought you didn't care a whoop to see anything more of me, why I'd clear out so blamed quick you couldn't see me for smoke."

It had been a happy day. Daylight met her on the back-road from Berkeley, and they had had hours together. It was only now, with the day drawing to a close and with them approaching the gate of the road to

be just a case of bad luck for me. So be honest, Miss Mason, please, and tell me if that's the reason—I almost got a hunch that it is."

"Oh, but that isn't fair," she cried. "You give me the choice of lying to you and hurting you in order to protect myself by getting rid of you, or of throwing away my protection by telling you the truth, for then you, as you said yourself, would stay and urge."

Daylight smiled grimly with satisfaction.

"I'm real glad, Miss Mason, real glad for those words."

"But they won't serve you," she went on hastily. "They can't serve you. I refuse to let them. This is our last ride, and . . . here is the gate."

Ranging her mare alongside, she bent, slid the catch, and followed the opening gate.

"No; please, no," she said, as Daylight started to follow.

Humbly acquiescent, he pulled Bob back, and the gate swung shut between them. But there was more to say, and she did not ride on.

"Listen, Miss Mason," he said, in a low voice that shook with sincerity; "I want to assure you of one thing. I'm not just trying to fool around with you. I like you, I want you, and I was never more earnest in my life. There's nothing wrong in my intentions or anything like that. What I mean is strictly honorable."

But the expression of her face made him stop. She was angry, and she was laughing at the same time.

Dede Mason had quick, birdlike ways, almost fitting from mood to mood; and she was all contrition on the instant.

"Forgive me for laughing," she said across the gate. "It wasn't really laughter. I was surprised off my guard, and hurt, too. You see, Mr. Harnish, I've not been . . ."

She paused, in sudden fear of completing the thought into which her birdlike precipitancy had betrayed her.

"What you mean is that you're not been used to such sort of proposing."

Number three, your reason is that folks will talk because you work for me. Number four, I just got to get acquainted with you, and I just got to get you to see that I mean fair and all right. Number five, there you are on one side the gate getting ready to go, and me here on the other side the gate pretty desperate and bound to say something to make you reconsider. Number six, I said it. And now and finally, I just do want you to reconsider."

He was such a boy, this big giant of a millionaire who had half the rich



"I Like You, I Want You and I Never Was More Earnest in My Life"

men of San Francisco afraid of him. Such a boy! She had never imagined this side of his nature.

"How do folks get married?" he was saying. "Why, number one, they meet; number two, like each other's looks; number three, get acquainted; and number four, get married or not, according to how they like each other after getting acquainted. But how in thunder we're to have a chance to find out whether we like each other enough is beyond my savvy, unless we make that chance ourselves. I'd come to see you, call on you, only I know you're just rooming or boarding, and that won't do."

"It's getting late now, anyway," Daylight hurried on, "and we've settled nothing at all. Just one more Sunday, anyway—that's not asking much—to settle it in."

She gathered the reins into her hand preliminary to starting.

"Good night," she said, "and—"

"Yes," he whispered, with just the faintest touch of imperativeness.

"Yes," she said, her voice low but distinct.

At the same moment she put the mare into a canter and went down the road without a backward glance, intent on an analysis of her own feelings.

## CHAPTER XV.

Life at the office went on much the way it had always gone.

In spite of their high resolve, there was a very measurable degree of the furtive in their meetings. In essence, these meetings were stolen. They did not ride out brazenly together in the face of the world. On the contrary, they met always unobserved, she riding across the many-gated backroad from Berkeley to meet him halfway. Nor did they ride on any save unrequented roads, preferring to cross the second range of hills and travel among a church-going farmer folk who would scarcely have recognized even Daylight from his newspaper photographs. He, found Dede a good horsewoman—good not merely in riding, but in endurance. There were days when they covered sixty, seventy, and even eighty miles; nor did Dede ever claim any day too long, nor—another strong recommendation to Daylight—did the hardest day ever see the slightest chafe of the chestnut sorrel's back. "A sure enough hummer," was Daylight's stereotyped but ever enthusiastic verdict to himself.

His lifelong fear of woman had originated out of nonunderstanding and had also prevented him from reaching any understanding. Dede on horseback, Dede gathering popples on a summer hillside, Dede taking down diction in her swift shorthand strokes—all this was comprehensible to him. But he did not know the Dede who so quickly changed from mood to mood, the Dede who refused steadfastly to ride with him and then suddenly consented, the Dede in whose eyes the golden glow forever waxed and waned, and whispered hints and messages that were not for his ears. In all such things he saw the glimmering profundities of sex, acknowledged their lure, and accepted them as incomprehensible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chinese to Make History.

For the first time in the history of athletes the Chinese are to compete with other nations at the Olympic games at Peking. In the track and field sports the students of the University of Shanghai for three years have been coached by an Englishman.

## WOMEN AND HEALTH.

Women are beginning to realize more fully that good health is not to be found in the use of cosmetics and face powders. The appearance of health may follow facial treatment, but health itself lies much deeper than the surface.

Most important to the health of every woman is regularity of the bowels and digestive organs. The weary eyes, bad breath, frequent headaches, pimples and general air of lassitude, is in most every case due to constipation or indigestion, or both. There are various remedies prescribed for this condition, but the easiest, most pleasant and certainly effective, is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin known to druggists as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. This simple remedy is far preferable to harsh salts and cathartics and violent purgative waters that disturb the whole system without affording more than temporary relief.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a tonic laxative, mild in its action, pleasant to the taste and positive in its effect, strengthening the muscles of stomach and bowels so that after a short time these organs regain the power to perform their natural functions without assistance.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is sold by druggists everywhere in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried it, write for a sample to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.; he will gladly send a trial bottle without any expense to you whatever.

## Got Back at Critic.

"I was walking up Sixth avenue in New York," says Capt. F. J. Archibald, "accompanied by James Neilson of Sweden, who was over here on a visit. There is a big Swedish employment agency up there about Fortieth street, and the sign is spelled in Swedish fashion:

'Hjelp! wanted.'

"I asked Neilson what in the world that extra 'J' was doing at the end of the word, especially as, even in Swedish, it is not pronounced.

"Oh, it is just there, I suppose," said Neilson.

"But now that you don't pronounce the letter why don't you people drop it altogether? It looks so silly to have a letter there you don't pronounce."

"Well," said Neilson, "I suppose we keep it there for the same reason you hang on to the 'p' in pneumonia."—New York Herald.

## Ready for Anything.

A popular neighbor had just passed to the great beyond in a rural Pennsylvania community and the undertaker stood at the door of the home, when he heard the following remarks by the minister:

"Mine brethren and sisters, Joe Thomas he is dead. Maybe Joe Thomas he go to heaven up I no know, and maybe Joe Thomas he go to hell down I no know, but, mine brethren and sisters, we must be prepared to meet him."

## On to Her Job.

Mrs. Colin Gabbie—Do you ever permit your husband to have his own way?

Mrs. Strongminded—Oh, yes, occasionally. He is sure to make a fool of himself, and that makes him easier to manage next time."

## Right in Her Line.

Gillet—"The people in the flat above us are constantly fighting."

Perry—"Doesn't your wife object?"

Gillet—"No. She likes to have a fuss made over her."

## Young America's Reply.

"Why did Shylock want a pound of flesh?"

"I suppose, he knew that the price of meat was going up."

Explained.  
"Heigho!" sighed Mrs. Stoutly. "You used to sit with your arm around my waist, John, but you never do it any more."  
"I'm sorry, dear," replied Stoutly, "but there are some things that are beyond my reach."—Harper's Weekly.

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## His Economy.

"What is your idea of economy?" asked one statesman.  
"Making everybody except my constituents get along with as little money as possible," replied the other.

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## A Possibility.

"He's gone to that meeting, full of fire."  
"Then he had better be careful or they will put him out."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

## Nothing Serious.

"Made any mistakes in the new year as yet?"  
"Well, I'm still writing in 1911."

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I want every person who is bilious, constipated or has any stomachic ailment to send for a free package of my Paw-Paw Pills. I want to prove that they positively cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Belching, Wind, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and are an infallible cure for Constipation. To do this I am willing to give millions of Dollars for 25 cents a trial. For free package address, Prof. Munyon, 53rd & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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"I Could Ride With One of the Clerks Without Remark, but With You—"

Berkeley, that he had bronched the important subject.

She began her answer to his last contention, and he listened gratefully.

"But suppose, just suppose, that the reasons I have given are the only ones—that there is no question of my not wanting to know you?"

"Then I'd go on urging like Sam Scratch," he said quickly. "Because, you see, I've always noticed that folks that incline to anything are much more open to hearing the case stated. But if you did have that other reason up your sleeve, if you didn't want to know me, it—well, if you thought my feelings oughtn't to be hurt just because you had a good job with me."

"Here, his calm consideration of a possibility was swamped by the fear that it was an actuality, and he lost the thread of his reasoning.

"Well, anyway, all you have to do is to say the word and I'll clear out. And with no hard feelings; it would

Daylight said, "a sort of, on the rump. Howdy, glad to make your acquaintance, won't-you-be-mine proposition."

She nodded and broke into laughter, in which he joined, and which served, to pass the awkwardness away. He gathered heart at this, and went on in greater confidence, with cooler head and tongue.

"There, you see, you prove my case. You've had experience in such matters. I don't doubt you've had slatters of proposals. Well, I haven't, and I'm like a fish out of water. Besides, this isn't a proposal. It's a peculiar situation, that's all, and I'm in a corner. I've got enough plain horse-sense to know a man ain't supposed to argue marriage with a girl as a reason for getting acquainted with her. And right there was where I was in the hole. Number one, I can't get acquainted with you in the office. Number two, you say you won't see me out of the office to give me a chance.